

De man wid de white whiskers en blue eyes counted out de bills slow, en all de time he wuz doin' it he look hard at me en my young marster. Arter we got back in de tavern, my young marster say, 'Primus!' I say, 'Suh!' He 'low, 'Is you see how dat ol' man look at us whence he wuz countin' out dat money?' I 'low, 'Well, suh, I notice 'im glance at us mo' dan once.' He say, 'You know what dat means?' I say, 'No, suh, less'n hit's kaze he hate ter drap so much good money.' He 'low, 'Dat man got de idee in 'im big ez a mule dat I 'm a swindler. Damn 'im! I 'll put a hole thoo 'im de fust chance I git.' I 'low, 'Better wait twel we git some mo' er his money.' But my young marster tuck it mighty hard. He walk de flo' en walk de flo'. But ez fer me — well, suh, I des set down at de foot er de bed, en de fus news I know'd I wuz done gone ter de land er Nod.

“ Well, suh, we went on cross de country twel we come ter St. Louis. We ain't do much dar, 'cept ter spen' money, en bimeby my young marster tuck a notion dat he'd go ter New 'leans. I 'low, 'Dar now!' but dat ain't do no good. My young marster